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PERILOUS WAR FINANCE.

THERE is a deeper difficulty involved in a tax on so-called luxuries than mere enhancement of cost to consumers.

This is a nation of 100,000,000 people, of whom about 2 1-2 per cent. are now diverted from industry to war.

The remaining 97 1-2 per cent. must live, move and have their being, besides providing for the requirements of the 2 1-2 per cent. in the shape of food, clothing and munitions.

Upon the prosperity and well-being of the 97 1-2 per cent. depend the Nation's strength to fight and power to endure.

The off-hand policy of the Treasury Department and of bureau heads generally is to ignore the needs of the 97 1-2 per cent. and to concentrate all energies, physical and financial, behind the 2 1-2 per cent.

No one for a moment questions the necessity for a most complete and thorough support of the soldiers and sailors.

But there now arises a sharp difference of opinion as to how that support can best be maintained.

The collapse of the Coal Administration last winter was a blow to industry from which the country still staggers.

Yet in the face of that experience and its consequences it is proposed to adopt methods which will curtail many industries and stop others, and totally to disregard the greatest factor in the situation—which is:

The need of providing for redistribution of the enormous sums poured into the Nation's war purse.

A limited number of concerns make munitions, build ships and furnish war supplies for the 2 1-2 per cent. of the population directly engaged in fighting.

The rest of the country must furnish the bulk of the funds and maintain itself at the same time on a basis that shall grow stronger rather than weaker.

If the proposed plan of taxation prevails, how will it be possible to redistribute the money thus concentrated in such wise that each citizen may be properly provided with the means of making a living which will enable him to go on contributing his quota to national confidence and prosperity?

It needs but little thought to realize that the sale of so-called luxuries constitutes one of the best means of insuring a normal, healthy flow of money through all parts of the industrial organism.

The necessities of life are relatively few. Luxuries count heavily on the profit-making side of industry. A bare living for the individual contributes little to the common prosperity.

The Government pays colossal wages. It has lifted the cost of labor in all lines to the limit of endurance.

Employers and employees in a few industries engaged in the making of munitions profit enormously.

But other Americans—millions and tens of millions of them—must suffer to the verge of ruin unless somewhere the vein is tapped.

If Federal War Finance continues to form its programme on the easy theory that its sole task is to get money out of the country, without any provision for putting money back and assuring its steady, stimulating flow through accustomed channels, the Nation will presently find itself stricken with industrial paralysis—at the time when, of all times in its history, it has need of its full health and strength.

"A coal car on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad can make four round trips from the Clearfield, Penn., district to Rochester, N. Y., in the same time it requires to make one round trip to New York City.

"In time of stress and car shortage coal could be moved from the Clearfield district much more quickly by the Barge Canal via Rochester. For four tons can be put on the canal at Rochester in the time it would require to put one ton in New York by rail."

—G. A. Tomlinson, Federal General Manager of the New York State Canal System, to The Evening World.

The Federal Railroad Administration at once begins a tri-weekly fast freight service by way of the New York State Barge Canal.

Will the Federal Fuel Administration come to the aid of coal consumers by using the waterways?

Or is its sole solution of the coal problem to be curtailment and sacrifice on the part of those it was created to help?

Letters From the People

A Question of Patriotism.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have been employed a long time at work for which I am especially proficient and for which Uncle Sam pays me indirectly, my employers receiving a certain percentage on all expenditures. The more expensive the work can be made the more my employers will receive in commissions, and naturally, the less work I turn out per day or hour the longer it takes to finish it—the more workmen are required—the more expenses—the more money out of Uncle Sam's pocket.

If I give up the job, my place will be taken immediately by some other man. I admit that I am not doing my best, but I am making my living at my trade, and it is through no fault of mine. If I work as hard as I should for the United States—if I were to try to help by turning out more or at least as much work as I would be expected to had my employer a contract for the work—I would be discharged. Naturally my employers are cautious enough not to give this fact as the real cause.

If I should give up my job and go elsewhere, I know that the same conditions exist there, so what is a man to do? Am I patriotic if I give up my job to someone else, who perhaps would feel less the pangs of injustice against our Government? H. G.

How to Lower Rents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have observed several letters in your paper recently about the increasing rents. What would be simpler than to pass a State law prohibiting landlords to raise rents above the prices that were in force when we entered the war? There is a simple, plain solution of the whole question. It is not more expensive to maintain property now than before, save in cases where much repairing has to be done. And in cases of that kind no doubt tenants would be willing to co-operate. Repapering and repainting should be discouraged to a certain extent during this war. Let us make out with the old things and turn our energies to some purpose. And that would mean economy, permitting landlords to make money at their old rentals.

TENANT.

No Luxury There to Tax!

By J. H. Cassel

N. Y. Girl Types You Know

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

No. 1.—THE PRETTY GIRL.

MISS NEW YORK is in uniform, as everybody knows. But everybody knows also that uniformity of costume will never produce a uniform Miss New York.

The khaki of the motor corps, the navy blue of the yeoman's blouse, the sand colored overalls of the farmerette, strive vainly to make the observing young man believe that all girls look alike to him.

There is a time in every man's life, of course, when the universe seems thronged with girls—and not thin enough at that.

This period is brief and full of trouble. A phase follows in which he realizes that there is really only one girl among all this number—one real girl, and a horde of zeroes mean for the consolation of the poor devils the real girl has cast out for him.

Every slim young creature in blue or khaki we meet daily about New York is this real girl to some one. What makes her so?

Is the real girl pretty, witty, wise or good? She can be all of these things. She need be none of them. Perhaps she is a good housekeeper and a kind friend. Perhaps she does not know even how to mend a glove and never speaks of others except with malice.

Whatever she may be, to one man, at least she represents the real invisible government of the United States, the intrenched autocracy of the pretty girl.

For the pretty girl rules America. Even grandma has to wear her challenging clothes. Even poor hard-worked father must accept as his only dramatic diet the cream puff comedies that draw thousands of her to the matinee. Mother must admire her movie heroes and heroines, and I wonder if persons who do not go to the movies—I am one of them—realize how much we owe to Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark for setting before our pretty girls ideals of simplicity and youthful grace.

I have often thought how fortunate we are in America to see prettiness and remain cold to beauty. Because there is so much prettiness and so very little beauty. A Justine Johnson is born every minute, but there is only one Ava Astor, one Maxine Elliott in a generation. Given fluffy hair—a simple matter of shampooing—moderately decent eyes, clear skin and a make-up box and any girl can be a pretty girl.

The most important element in the making of a pretty girl is neither hair nor features nor complexion. It is the thought of the desire for beauty in the girl herself.

How often we hear people say of a girl, "She is pretty, and the best part of it is that she does not know it." But I believe that if she knows she is pretty, a girl is likely to be twice as attractive as if she ignored her beauty. For the pretty woman works as hard for beauty as the captain of industry strives for power or the money worshipper for gold.

So I say to the young man in love with a pretty girl: "Flatter her. Praise her. Encourage her to know her beauty, to be vain of it." For vanity will keep her happy, amiable and young.

A tradition exists that no pretty woman has brains and that no intelligent woman can be beautiful. This foolish idea must have originated in some single-track mind. For no woman without intelligence can be really beautiful. She is an unlighted lamp. No soul shines behind her eyes, no fascinating play of thought crosses her lifeless face. Intelligence cannot make beauty, but it is surely a necessary attribute of beauty.

Beauty has passed definitely from the luxury class. Fifty years ago there were only ten or a dozen millionaires in the United States, and it is possible that the plutocrats of beauty were not more numerous in those simple days. To-day we count our millionaires in thousands and our malefactors of great charm in hundreds of thousands. At least, if we accept the judgment of her critics the pretty girl is a malefactor.

Personally I feel that she is a public benefactor and wish there were some way of establishing a Rockefeller Foundation for the study and research of more and now types of pretty girls.

There are, we know, girls who are just pretty girls and who, being something else, are, incidentally, pretty. Being a pretty girl is not quite a career in itself, and the woman who takes her beauty as her husband takes his golf or his setting up exercises is more livable than the professional siren.

I shall consider the types of girls who, while pretty, are more remarkable for other qualities in future articles.

Meantime, congratulations to the young man who wins the pretty girl and may he tell her how pretty she is in every letter he writes from camp or trenches.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"WHY do you smoke that old pipe?" asked Mrs. Jarr complainingly.

"Because I can't afford good cigars; they've gone up so in price," replied Mr. Jarr. "Jitney ropes are now a meg—I mean nickel cigars cost a dime, and"——

"The smell of smoke will get in my lace cur"—— began Mrs. Jarr, but stopped short, as a glance at the windows reminded her that the curtains in question had been taken down at the beginning of the summer.

"It's no use talking," said Mr. Jarr musingly. "I just have GOT to make a little extra cush."

"A little extra what?" asked the lady.

"Cush, megs, simoleons, iron men, kale—by any name it's just as good—M-o-n-e-y scads!" he explained.

"You know I don't like those slang expressions," said Mrs. Jarr. "The children hear you and then use them."

"I start out every week, thinking I'll get a little money ahead," Mr. Jarr went on, "but Friday comes and I haven't a bean. You know," he added, "it isn't the big expenses like automobiles or swell feeds or jewelry that eat up our income. It's the little expenses, the many, many—countless—little expenses. Five cents here, ten cents there, and so on."

"That's because we haven't enough money for anything but the little expenses," said Mrs. Jarr. "Now, the Perfect Ladies' Magazine, says"——

"That's it!" cried Mr. Jarr, springing up excitedly and clapping his hands together. "The big idea! If all those gushamush papers for women can make millions, why couldn't a gushamush paper for men? Men are as silly as women, any day!"

"And then some," said Mrs. Jarr.

"I'll do it!" Mr. Jarr went on, not heeding her remark. "Let's see. I'll have stories 'How My Wife Went Away With a Handsomer Man' and 'Why My Wife Quit Working,' 'The Confessions of a Long-Suffering Married Man,' 'Why a Young Man Should See if His Intended Father-in-Law Is Solvent' and so on. Then I could have discussions such as 'Should Husbands Have an Allowance?' and 'Is a Man's Pin Money His Own?'"

"It would be very interesting reading!" said Mrs. Jarr cynically. "Will you have portraits of handsome young summer men on the covers?"

"I haven't just figured that out," said Mr. Jarr. "But we'll get the young fellows by running articles on 'How the Best Man Should Act' and 'Etiquette of the Groom's Last Bachelor Dinner!'"

"Do you think men are silly enough to be interested in such things?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I think they will be," was the reply. "I'll have 'Men's Wartime Fashions' and a section of the paper called 'Hall Room Hints.' This last will be devoted to instructions for bachelors—but this will be the hypocritical part of the scheme—showing how they can sew on their own buttons, darn their own socks, patch their own clothes, and so on."

"Why is that the hypocritical part?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Because bachelors don't need to know how to do those things," said Mr. Jarr. "Every woman they meet is scanning them to see if a button dangles. 'Oh, let me fix that!' they cry. It's married men whose clothes are neglected."

"Are yours neglected?" asked Mrs. Jarr heatedly.

"Come now!" said Mr. Jarr. "I'm not speaking personally. I'm discussing a business proposition. Think of a heart-to-heart story—'My Early Married Days,' by Henry Peck. It will begin like this: 'As Imogene led me up the aisle with a firm hand I was dimly conscious of the eyes of Marcia Van Basilisk upon me. What was Marcia doing here? I reeled and would have fallen, but Imogene whispered: "Courage, my darling!" And before my swimming eyes was ever the figure of her sturdy parent, the kindly Mortimer Van Boob, soon—how sweet the thought!—to be MY father. My future was safe. He would place me in a snug position in his gumdrop foundry. But as Marcia gazed at me again I could feel my reason totter'"——

"I can feel MY reason totter listening to such mush!" snapped Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, just the same, if I had $500,000 to finance the proposition I'd start a man's paper just like that!" said Mr. Jarr.

"If we had that much money we wouldn't need to start anything—except to spend it!" interrupted Mrs. Jarr.

"I guess you are right, baby doll," said Mr. Jarr. "Still, it's a bully idea. Pictures on the cover of pretty girls—off to work and war—kissing stay-at-home husbands and sweethearts good-bye. Yes? No?"

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

"Consider the Sirens of the Beach, My Daughter. In All No-Man's Land There Is Nothing Half So Dangerous."

CONSIDER the Sirens-of-the-Beach, my Daughter!

Lo, they float not, neither do they swim.

Yet, the wives of Solomon in all their glory were not arrayed like one of these!

For, verily, verily, the Houris of the Harem and the dancing girls of Bagdad were simpler than Sunday School damsels beside the BATHING GIRL of 1918!

Behold, I have watched her at her work; and I say unto thee, she requireth an whole hour to don thirty-six inches of silk!

She putteth on her "complexion" without stint. Her girlish color will NOT come off in the water. For it is so written on the box!

And Nature is not its maker.

She paradeth the beach for exercise—and for the delight of the multitude.

Her half-hose are of spun silk—and she carryeth a red sunshade, that none may miss her.

Her bathing-suit adorneth, but doth not conceal.

She is SO frank!

She tosseth the rubber ball into the air and pursueth it with kittenish screams.

She flingeth seven grains of sand at her escort and runneth away from him with cries of fright.

She is SO coy—and so exceeding childish!

She bindeth her ankles with ribbons, but her skirt doth not trouble her. For what is a quarter of a yard of silk ruffling, after all?

She taketh a sun bath of six hours and a salt water bath of six minutes.

She protecteth her marcel wave with THREE rubber caps, when she dasheth into the sea. Yet, when she emergeth, she letteth DOWN her hair, to "dry it" in the sun.

It rippleth about her as a halo, for she knoweth well that no man can resist the fascination of flowing locks.

Verily, verily, in her slimness and her fetchingness, she resembleth a BOY of ten years.

But her heart is full of guile and her ways are full of cunning.

And in all No-Man's-Land there is nothing half so dangerous!

Yet, behold, how simple am I!

For I put my silver in the bank and my jewels in the safety-vault—yet, in my folly, I led my BELOVED out among THESE without a tremor!

Go to! Go to! No longer shall I fear the sirens of the beauty chorus, nor the pony ballet, nor the show-girls of the musical comedy, nor ANYTHING that is on the stage, or on Broadway!

For the BEACH GIRL of 1918 hath them all beaten to a meringue!

Yea, verily, she is an whole cabaret, and an whole roof garden, and an whole beauty chorus in ONE!

Selah.

Famous Movie Actresses Tell About Themselves

By Doris Kenyon

SOMETIMES I think from the hundreds of letters I receive each day that every girl in the United States from the age of ten to fifty is ambitious to become a motion picture star. I often wonder whether they realize that motion picture acting is a specialized labor, that it requires the hardest kind of constant effort from early morning until late at night. I am out of bed every morning at 6.30 o'clock. At 7.30 I am on my horse for an hour's canter through the park. At 8.30 I leave for the studio and by 9.15 I am made up and ready for work. From that time on throughout the day it is one constant grind, and very seldom am I home again before 7 o'clock in the evening. Usually I am so dead tired that bed is preferable to the theatre or any other form of entertainment. The one relief in the monotony of such a life is the usual interval of a week between pictures. Aside from that the only vacation I have had in the last two years was two weeks at Palm Beach.

DORIS KENYON.

When I tell aspiring motion picture stars about the many who come and the few who are chosen, they invariably ask, "But how did you start?" It is always a puzzling question. Truthfully, I didn't start. It just happened. I was never an infant prodigy, or anything like that, although my mother insists that even as a little child I was always acting or imitating. My father, as you may know, is James B. Kenyon, poet and author, and it was only natural that he should encourage me to commit to memory poems and prose classics. The result was that I was frequently called upon to recite in public.

It was wholly through my ability as a singer that I became a motion picture star. I possess a contralto voice that I hope some day may lead me into grand opera. When fourteen years old I was the principal contralto soloist in the Bushwick Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, which is known as the church having the largest Sunday school in the world. Victor Herbert heard me sing there one Sunday and offered me a part in "The Princess Pat" which he was about to produce. Although I was but fifteen years old, I accepted the part and remained with the company throughout its New York engagement. During this time a motion picture magnate saw my work and offered me the leading part in a picture he was about to produce. This, too, I accepted, and was co-starred with George Beban, so you see I really stumbled into the motion picture industry.

Fortunately, I have never had to seek engagements or to go through the trying weeks and months and often years of waiting for extra work and appearing in small parts that usually fall to the lot of those seeking honors in screen life. You say I am lucky? Perhaps. But don't overlook the fact that whatever success may have come to me was achieved only by the hardest kind of work, study and self-sacrifice. When I look back now upon those first pictures in which I appeared I realize how crude my work was. Whatever improvement there has been has been accomplished only by constant endeavor.

First Workmen's "Model City."

THE first "model city" for workmen was formally opened forty-four years ago on the Shaftesbury Park Estate, near Wandsworth, London. This was the first attempt to provide ideal cottages for laborers, artisans and clerks and to relieve the congestion prevailing in the crowded tenement districts of the metropolis. The Earl of Shaftesbury was largely instrumental in the formation of the Artisans, Laborers' and General Dwellings Company, which promoted the enterprise. The scheme was very successful and estates were purchased in the vicinity of a number of British industrial centres. The problems of congestion, despite the slight relief afforded by such "model cities," continue to be acute, and are now receiving serious consideration by the sociological experts of all big cities of Europe and America.